

The King Fisher

Anchored and idle on the shallow tidal flats of India, the King Fisher sat worn, aged and tired. In its prime, the King Fisher was one of the largest cargo ships to sail the world. Once tall and proud, it carried its riches to the ports of Asia, Africa and Europe making huge profits for its owners. As the scavengers approached and stripped away the pieces of the rust-covered hull, the King Fisher realized what was happening. “No this cannot be, I am the King Fisher, the greatest ship that ever sailed. Why is this happening? I do not understand?” The King Fisher watched as each piece of its majestic frame was taken away. “What have I become, just another deserted piece of scrap, lost and forgotten? Perhaps, I have served my purpose.”

Amidst his despair, the King Fisher overheard the natives recounting tales of the joy and prosperity that he brought to their village whenever he returned from one of his world travels. “My father and grandfather sailed with the King Fisher. I can still remember their accounts of the sights that they saw, the people and cultures they encountered, and the dangers that they faced. These stories made us feel as if we were a part of their adventure. Their wages would last us until the next voyage was underway. They brought home with them artifacts and trinkets from the markets that they visited. The King Fisher will never be forgotten. Even though it now sits abandoned, it still provides for our livelihood.” The King Fisher felt comforted. “My work is not over yet. I can still provide for these people.”

It would take years for the natives to remove all the parts of corroded metal that was once the King Fisher. The scraps would be sold to the metal factories for a tidy sum of money providing for the welfare of the poor families. The metal from the King Fisher was recycled perhaps into a child’s toy or piece of machinery that continued to benefit the people of the village.